

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

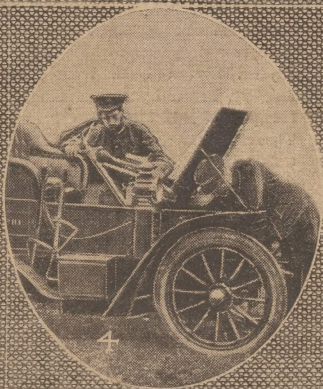
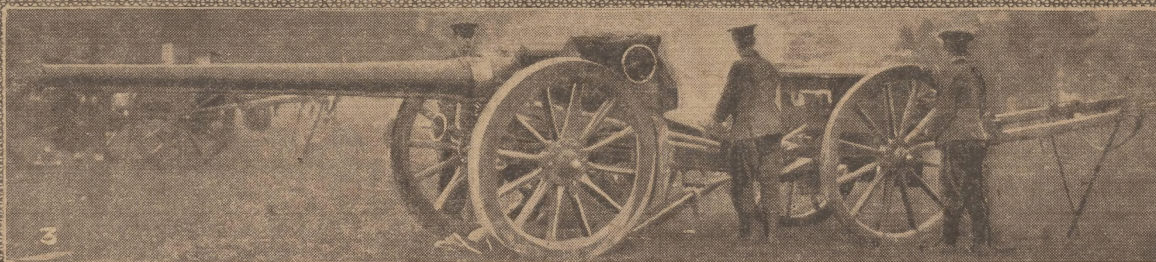
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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN THE THAMES VALLEY YESTERDAY.



In the Thames Valley around Henley a fierce war is being waged between two great invading armies and General French's defending force of 30,000 men. The invaders effected a successful imaginary landing at Liverpool and on the Humber, and marched down to join forces and attack London. But the small army of defenders defeated this object. The mimic warfare is admirably presented in the above snapshots, showing—(1) after striking camp, packing kits; (2) loading a transport wagon; (3) cleaning a big gun; (4) at work upon the searchlight motor-car; and (5) infantry marching out of camp.

What Half-a-Crown Will Do

Lloyd's offers 200,000 complete Libraries and 200,000 specially designed Oak Bookcases for 2/6 down and 5/- a month as an advertisement for "Lloyd's Weekly News" in 200,000 homes.

A few of the first 20,000

The library selected for this purpose was the "International Library," which already graces 20,000 homes, including those of

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia
The Duchess of Bedford
The Marquess of Queensberry

The Earl of Annesley
Lord Rothschild
Lord Tredegar

The Lord Bishop of Argyll
The Dean of Canterbury
Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S.

and distinguished members of both Houses, the Church, the Bar, the Navy and Army, and eminent people in the world of Art, Science, and Letters, etc.

An Instantaneous Success

Our first offer was to sell 100,000 Libraries and 100,000 Bookcases for 2s. 6d. down and 5s. a month, but the response was so enormous it became evident that 100,000 Libraries would not be sufficient for LLOYD'S readers alone, and our aim was to reach new readers. So we were induced to increase the offer to 200,000 libraries and 200,000 bookcases.

Largest ever known

This is more than double the next greatest sale of books that the world has ever known. It is fitting that LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS, which has more readers than any other publication in the whole world, should undertake it. We could only do it in one way.

How the price is possible

The price had to be cut right down and the terms of sale made to meet the possibilities of a small income. The vast size of the undertaking made possible great savings by wholesale manufacturing (and that without cheapening the quality of paper, printing, or binding). Then, too, the 20,000 sets already sold have paid for the enormous cost of editors, engravers, type-setting, plates, etc. Besides which there are no middlemen's profits, and last, but by no means least, we are doing this to advertise LLOYD'S NEWS and not for a profit on the books. There is no advertisement on the books or on the fumed oak bookcase, but we believe that in every home they enter they will attract favourable attention and give us more advertising and more new readers than 100,000 big and costly posters on the hoardings. Altogether we are able to make the most extraordinary offer ever known.

20 Sumptuous Volumes.

The twenty sumptuous volumes are precisely the same in quality of printing, binding, and paper as the 20,000 sets already sold to prominent people. Each volume contains 500 pages, 10,000 pages in all. They are beautifully printed on first-class book paper, the type being large, bold, and clear, and most grateful to the eye. Although the books are large, the superb quality of paper and the bindings makes it quite easy to hold a volume with comfort.

A
FREE
BOOKLET,

containing specimen pages and illustrations, and telling more about the International Library and LLOYD'S extraordinary advertising offer, will be sent you post free, if you tear or cut off this corner, fill in your name and address, and post it to the Manager, "Lloyd's Weekly News," 2-7, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C. If you prefer not to mutilate the page, a postcard or letter with your name and address, posted as above, will bring the booklet POST FREE.

NAME.

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ADDRESS.

What it does for you

The "International Library" does what you would do for yourself if you had time to wade through thousands of volumes. It takes the best, and gives only those interesting, fascinating stories, poems, essays, novels, histories, biographies, plays, etc., in which the great authors are at their greatest, and in their most entertaining and delightful moods. The board of distinguished editors comprises the greatest English, French, German, and American literary experts of the age.

Fascinating interest

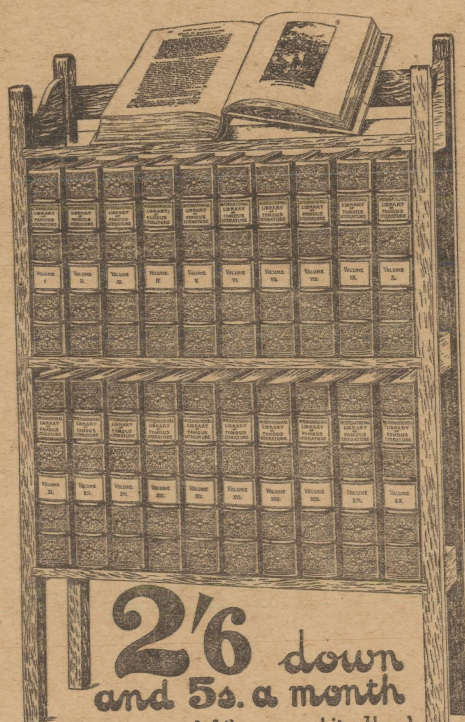
The 10,000 large pages contain only reading of burning interest that never fails to excite and enthrall the attention. We can tread the paths of wisdom in the company of Socrates or Solon; visit the grim underworld with Milton, Virgil, or Dante; turn the searchlight of Sheridan or Molière on the world's foibles; spend a rollicking evening in the delightful company of Fielding or Smollett; enjoy a refreshing hour or two in primeval forests with Wordsworth or Longfellow; join in the breezy infectious laughter of Douglas Jerrold or Mark Twain. We can thread the streets and alleys of old London with Defoe, Mommson, Gibbon, or Curtius; revel in history with Froude, Mommsen, Gibbon, or Curtius; hear the thunder of oratory of Demosthenes or Cicero, Burke or John Bright. We can be thrilled with weird stories by Conan Doyle, Hoffman, or Poe, or scour the Spanish Main with Clark Russell or Marryat.

500 full Page Pictures

There are some 500 illustrations, too, each occupying a page by itself, consisting of historical battlefields, homes of great authors, illustrious people of bygone ages, reproductions of rare pictures illustrating the manners and customs of other lands and other times. While pictures entertain every member of the family and serve to heighten the interest in reading, they especially attract the younger folks and awaken a taste for good reading.

The Scope of the Library

Large as is the library with its 20 big beautiful volumes of 10,000 large pages, the editors have not found room for one uninteresting page. Of course, the English authors are most widely represented. From Chaucer and Spenser to Marlowe, Jonson, Herrick, Dryden, Evelyn, Izaak Walton, Pope, Sheridan, Kingsley, Bulwer Lytton, Macaulay, Stevenson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Yonge, Zangwill, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Bret Harte, Kipling, Hall Caine, Jerome, and many, many more. The great foreign authors, European, Asiatic, African, and American, from Ancient times down to to-day, are also fully represented. Everything translated by able scholars into perfect English. In all, there are some thousand authors, providing reading for every member of the family, of every age, and of every taste.



The International Library and its Handsome Oak bookcase. Height about 3ft.

You pay only 2/6 down, and the twenty big sumptuous volumes and the specially designed handsome fumed oak bookcase are sent, carriage paid, to your home in London, or your railway station in the country; and you have nothing more to pay until the books and bookcase have been in your home for a whole month. After one clear month you commence paying 5/- a month for a few months until the Library is paid for.

Decide at once if you want early delivery

At the rate the libraries are being sold, only the promptest of the prompt can hope for early delivery. Orders are filled in rotation, first come, first served; and delay in ordering may mean weeks of waiting, therefore, if you wish to make sure of a library, send at once (a postcard will do) for the descriptive booklet and specimen pages sent post free.

OUR NEW TREATY WITH JAPAN.

Terms of New Alliance Published Last Night.

TEN YEARS COMPACT.

How Our Indian Frontier Is Safeguarded.

The text of the agreement between the United Kingdom and Japan, which was signed in London on August 12 last, was issued last evening, together with a dispatch to his Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg forwarding a copy of the agreement with instructions to communicate it to the Russian Government at the earliest opportunity.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.

The following is the full text of the agreement:—

Preamble: The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, being desirous of replacing the agreement concluded between them on January 30, 1902, by fresh stipulations, have agreed upon the following articles, which have for their object:—

(a) The consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India.

(b) The preservation of the common interests of all Powers in China, by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

(c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defence of their special interests in the said regions.

Article 1.—It is agreed that whenever, in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan, any of the rights and interests referred to in the preamble of this agreement are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and will consider any common measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights or interests.

Article 2.—If, by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, whether arising on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble of this agreement, the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.

KOREA AND INDIA.

Article 3.—Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognises the right of Japan to take such measures of guidance, control, and protection in Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, provided always that such measures are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations.

Article 4.—Great Britain having a special interest in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognises her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions.

This article would permit of the employment of Japanese troops if the necessity arose.

Article 5.—The high contracting parties agree that neither of them will, without consulting the other, enter into separate arrangements with another Power, to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble of this agreement.

Article 6.—As regards the present war between Japan and Russia, Great Britain will continue to maintain strict neutrality, unless some other Power or Powers should join in hostilities against Japan, in which case Great Britain will come to the assistance of Japan, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with Japan.

COUNCILS OF WAR.

Article 7.—The conditions under which armed assistance shall be afforded by either Power to the other in the circumstances mentioned in the present agreement, and the means by which such assistance is to be made available, will be arranged by the naval and military authorities of the contracting parties, who will from time to time consult one another fully and freely upon all questions of mutual interest.

Article 8.—The present agreement shall, subject to the provisions of Article 6, come into effect immediately after the date of its signature, and remain in force for ten years from that date.

In his dispatch to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord Lansdowne says: "The Russian Government will, I trust, recognise that the new agreement is an international instrument to which no exception can be taken by any of the Powers interested in the affairs of the Far East."

FORDING THE THAMES

Clever Strategic Movement at the Army Manœuvres.

BIVOUAC IN THE RAIN.

Rain-soaked, but cheerful, the men engaged in the manœuvres in the Thames Valley bivouacked last night at Cookham, Hurley, and Henley.

For the past two days they have had an uncomfortable time, and it says much for their general hardihood and moral that they began yesterday's movements in such excellent spirits after having arrived in the flooded camp lines wet to the skin late the preceding night.

It will be borne in mind that England is supposed to have lost command of the sea, and that an immense army of invaders, moving in three great bodies, are menacing the country.

One army has seized the industrial centres in the north; another is speeding towards the metropolis; and the third is engaged in attempting to hold up the 30,000 defenders, who have the double duty of stopping the London-bound force and of fighting the third army.

MILES OF TRENCHES.

Yesterday some movements were cleverly executed in pursuance of General French's scheme of drawing the opposing force—the second army—further south and away from their desired object, the investment of London.

To bring this about, the miles of splendidly-dug trenches on the Chiltern Hills were filled up and a strategic retreat commenced, the defenders moving south to the Thames Valley between Henley and Cookham.

Every road leading to the Thames was used for the retirement, the slower moving troops, such as artillery and transport, being placed in the centre, while the cavalry and mounted infantry covered the movement by holding the crests of the Chilterns.

The 1st Division quickly crossed the river by a pontoon bridge at Little Marlow, the 2nd and 3rd Divisions also crossing by pontoon at Medmenham. The men were cleverly handled, the passage only occupying an hour. After drawing the invaders onwards, the troops bivouacked as darkness fell.

RUSSIAN TERRORISM.

Bomb-Throwing and Lawlessness Continue All Over the Country.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.—Seven persons were wounded by a bomb thrown in the Town Gardens at Kovno, yesterday evening, including Mr. Ivanoff, the chief of the police.

Near Gazepot, in Courland, a band of men cut the telegraph wires along the railway line, and stopped a passing train.

For the past two weeks a general strike has been going on at Sukhum, in the Caucasus. A temporary meat market has been opened in the yard of the police station, but it is impossible to supply the wants of all.

At Riga a Lutheran clergyman was shot dead in his house.—Reuter.

TURBULENT HUNGARY.

Austrian Socialists Support Hungarians Against the Dual Monarchy.

VIENNA, Tuesday.—After crowded meetings of Socialists to protest against the attitude of the Austrian Minister towards electoral reform in Hungary there were riotous street scenes.

In one district the intervention of the police was necessary, and several arrests were made.—Reuter.

FIGHTING HEREROS.

Official Dispatch States That Germans Killed Eighty in the Last Engagement.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—An official dispatch from German South-West Africa states that after the fight at Nubib, on the 13th inst., Major Meister went in pursuit, and found that the enemy had been dispersed in all directions.

A further examination of the scene of the fighting on the 13th showed that the enemy left eighty killed, including twenty Hereros.

Thirty more horses and a large number of flocks and herds were found by the Germans.—Reuter.

ENGLISHMAN KILLED IN ITALY.

ROME, Tuesday.—The "Messaggero's" Bologna correspondent states that Mr. Helmman, an English engineer, who had been touring in the Tuscan Apennines, yesterday morning fell into a crevasse, near Sasso, and was killed. The body will be taken to England.—Reuter.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Operated Upon for Deafness in a Private Hospital.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who is at present staying in America, has just been obliged to undergo a slight operation in a private hospital in New York.

At first it was reported that the operation was rendered necessary by throat trouble, but, as a matter of fact, it was merely to remove a little deafness due to a fall which the Duchess received when she was a little girl.

Otherwise she has enjoyed the best of health since her arrival in America, and up to a day or two ago she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mackay in Newport.

The latest message as to her condition is as follows:—

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The surgeon who operated on the Duchess of Marlborough says she has suffered no ill-effects, and will probably be able to leave the private hospital on Thursday.—Reuter.

Inquiries were made in London late last night, but no later message of the Duchess's condition has been received.

TRIUMPHS IN TOYS.

Great Paris Fair Includes Many Amazingly Ingenious Contrivances.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—The fifth annual Paris toy fair has produced some interesting novelties in the way of toys, both for children and grown people.

The first toy which attracted any attention is called "The Mysterious Ball." This rolls up a spiral platform, and, at the top, falls open, displaying a clown who makes his bow and waves a flag.

"The Billiard Match" is a toy in which two gentlemen are engaged in playing an exciting billiard match on a French billiard-table.

Perhaps the most curious toy of the show is "The Eclipse." The sun is a large, round illuminated lantern; the earth is represented by a small ball, and the moon by another ball.

An ingenious system of strings causes earth and moon to revolve round the sun until the moon passes between the sun and the earth, and an eclipse is caused.

MOTORIST POLICE CORPS.

Prefect of Paris Organising a Large Force of Trained Men.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—M. Lepine, the Paris Prefect of Police, has decided to create a corps of motoring policemen. The corps will consist of 200 men, whose business it will be to look after motorists and motor-cars in Paris.

No man will be allowed to join this special force until he has passed the official examination for a motorist's certificate.

The order is a severe one, for not only must the policeman show that he can avoid all kinds of imaginary obstacles suddenly thrown in his way by the examiner, but he is also expected to explain and handle various essential parts of the mechanism.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Vesuvius is causing considerable alarm in Naples by its unusual activity.

A telegram from Constantinople states that official circles there are greatly excited over a plot that has been discovered to overthrow the present dynasty.

Two thousand students at St. Petersburg have decided to resume study, with the idea that the University would be more dangerous to the Government open than closed.—Exchange.

M. Myles Erichson, the explorer of Greenland, is busy at Copenhagen preparing a great Danish ship and sledge expedition to the hitherto unexplored regions of North-East Greenland.

The schooner Lucy Richmond, bound from Southampton to Newcastle, was in collision with a North German Lloyd steamer off the Goodwins yesterday, and was taken into Dover much damaged.

Wages to the Chinese miners in the Transvaal between January and June last, says Reuter, amounted to £210,084, of which £15,744 was remitted to relatives in China. Most of the balance of £200,340 was spent locally.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable breezes; changeable; rain at times; Gunder locally; fair intervals; cool.
Lighting-up time: 6.46 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate to smooth.

LORD ROSEBERY AFRAID.

Invited to America, but Dare Not Face the Interviewer.

PRESIDENT INVOKED.

Mr. Roosevelt Will Try To Conquer the Earl's Fears.

Everybody in America, from President Roosevelt downwards, is trying to get Lord Rosebery to visit America.

But Lord Rosebery will not go; he is afraid. Not that he fears sea-sickness, for he is a good sailor. Nor has he any prejudice against America. On the contrary, his admiration for the Great Republic is well known, and a year or two ago he pointed out that, but for a stupid mistake of George III., the two countries might still be under the same flag, with a joint capital at Washington. That speech made Lord Rosebery quite a popular idol in America, where his genius is perhaps even more admired than at home.

The New England Society has set the seal on this cordial feeling by inviting Lord Rosebery to be the chief guest at its annual dinner. This is no light distinction, even for a millionaire Earl, for the society is the most influential patriotic organisation in the States, and only the most eminent of America's public men can hope to be honoured with such an invitation.

FEARS THE INTERVIEWER.

Lord Rosebery would be charmed to go, but fears the American newspaper man. Visions of that enterprising person crossed his mind when the first invitation came, and he at once shrank from the ordeal.

Then the American Ambassador was asked to use his influence. Lord Rosebery listened to arguments poured forth with more than ordinary ambassadorial cordiality; he hesitated, was almost conquered—and then decided not to go.

It was M. Witte's fate that decided him. Lord Rosebery, unlike Mr. Balfour, reads the newspapers. He read how M. Witte was treated by the American newspaper men—how they described his clothes, dwelt lovingly on the size of his feet, invented epigrams and strange oaths for him, followed him to his bath, and lay in wait for him as he went to bed.

Lord Rosebery considered. "If they do this to a Russian ex-Minister of the Interior"—such was the tenor of his reflections—"what will they do to an ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain?"

REPORTERS EVERYWHERE.

Lord Rosebery's imagination ran on till he saw reporters as a Chinaman sees dragons and demons in an opium dream. He saw them disguised as coachmen, chauffeurs, generals, barbers, waiters. He saw them waiting on his hotel door-steps; concealed in the wardrobe in his bedroom; coming down the chimney at two o'clock in the morning to ask his opinion on an entente with the United States. He may even have dreamed of finding a small specimen of the genus concealed in his boots, as a dweller in the tropics finds a snake.

The terrifying prospect was too much for a British peer, far too wealthy, even he were still unaccustomed, to sign for the golden charms of an American bride. Lord Rosebery declined.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NEW PROBLEM.

Now President Roosevelt is to be asked to urge Lord Rosebery to accept the invitation. This pressure will not come from the President in his official capacity; it will be simply from one literary man to another.

The author of "The Last Phase" could hardly resist such an appeal from the author of "The Strenuous Life."

If Lord Rosebery accepts the President's invitation it is understood that he will make several speeches instead of one. A tour including the larger cities would be arranged for a series of speeches with the view of strengthening the Anglo-American entente.

To protect Lord Rosebery from the terrible newspaper man it has been suggested that recourse should be had to the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief."

A corps of American newspaper men might be hired to act as secretaries to the distinguished guest and to protect him from the enterprising interviewers.

At any rate, it is confidently expected that President Roosevelt will be able to induce Lord Rosebery to take the trip, and thus give a great fillip to the cause of the Anglo-American entente.

SUMMONED BY THE KING.

Summoned by the King, Lieutenant-Colonel Taro Utsunomia, Military Attaché at the Japanese Legation in London, arrived at Balmoral yesterday at the same time as Lord Minto, who also had an interview with his Majesty.

CLUES IN THE TUNNEL MYSTERY.

Police on the Track of a Suspected Man.

INQUEST EVIDENCE.

Discovery of Finger-Marks Strengthens Murder Theory.

All the evidence forthcoming since the discovery of a young woman's body in the railway tunnel near Redhill supports the idea that she was the victim of a brutal crime.

In the small hours of yesterday morning Mr. R. E. Money, a dairyman, of Kingston-on-Thames, identified the mutilated body lying at the Feathers Hotel, Merstham, as that of his sister, Miss Mary Sophia Money.

The dead girl, who was only twenty-two years of age, had been employed for the last fifteen months as a bookkeeper at Messrs. Bridgers, dairymen, 245, Lavender-hill, Clapham Junction, and she lived with her employers.

Soon after seven o'clock on Sunday evening she left the house, saying she was going out for a stroll and would be back shortly. She was last seen by the shopwoman at a confectioner's shop near the entrance to Clapham Junction Station. After buying some sweets there she went towards the station.

Identified Through Laundry Mark.

From that time there is at present no clue to her movements. She did not return that night, and in the morning Mr. Bridger wired to her friends and relatives for news of her.

Mr. Money, her brother, received one of these telegrams at Kingston, and a few hours later he saw a newspaper report which stated that the laundry number on the clothes of the dead woman was 245. Knowing that this was the mark on his sister's clothes, he jumped to the conclusion that she had been killed.

He at once went to Merstham. The hat he recognised as his sister's. He thought he knew the rings as hers, so he telephoned to Mr. Bridger to find that the "H" from the "Mizpah" ring was missing. Then, and only then, did he feel absolutely certain it was his sister's body. It was too mutilated for him to recognise it.

"I am convinced that my poor sister has been the victim of foul play," said the heart-broken brother. "I cannot believe she could have committed suicide."

And all the known facts seem to support his belief. Miss Money, generally known among her friends as "Polly," was a bright, happy, good-looking girl, apparently without a care in the world.

Facts Supporting Murder Theory.

She naturally had admirers, and was known to have sent postcards to some, but there was no hint of anything serious in their relations. Her boxes have been examined, but no trace of correspondence with any person unknown to her family has been found.

Other points in favour of the murder theory, apart from the veil found stuffed into the dead woman's mouth, are:—

She took a knitted purse containing money with her, which has not been found.

Her handkerchief is missing, as is also her petticoat.

Her pocket has been torn from her dress. Marks have been found near the mouth, possibly made by a thumb-nail or the ferrule of a stick, which might have been caused while the veil was pushed into the mouth.

Finger-Marks on the Arm.

Finger-marks have been found on her arm, such as might have been caused by a struggle. On the other hand, some points suggest that the dead girl may have had an appointment with some unknown person which she wished to keep secret.

She is said to have told her friend at Mr. Bridger's that she was only going for a stroll and would be back soon. But she told the sweetstuff seller at Clapham Junction that she was going on to Victoria.

When a girl friend offered to accompany her on that "stroll" which had such a tragic ending Miss Money discouraged her, and she was seen on the Sunday afternoon looking up an "ABC" timetable.

There can be little doubt also that she entered the train of her own free will, and it is unlikely that she got into it by mistake under the impression that it was one which would go to Kingston, as she had been to see her brother there before.

Some significance may also be attached to the remark she made to a friend on the day she met with her death that "she should like a motor-car to go with her veil and gloves."

There are three trains, of which Miss Money might have been in: the 9.10 from Victoria to Redhill; the 9.33 from Charing Cross to Redhill; and the ten o'clock from London Bridge to Reading, calling at

Redhill. She would have had plenty of time to catch any of these trains from town if she had taken a train up from Clapham Junction soon after seven o'clock.

EVIDENCE AT THE INQUEST.

The inquest was opened at the Feathers Hotel, Merstham, yesterday afternoon by Mr. Nightingale, the deputy-coroner. Robert Henry Money identified the deceased as his sister, and said he could give no explanation how she came to Merstham.

She was of a bright and jolly disposition. She did not know Merstham, and he was not aware that she had ever been in the district before. He believed that once she went to Brighton, and only a short time ago she went to Hastings.

Emma Holm, who was employed by the deceased's master, said on Sunday evening Money left her about seven o'clock. She seemed bright and in good spirits. Miss Money had never spoken to her about any trouble, and she was not in the habit of going out on Sundays except to her friends.

Witness noticed that when Miss Money left on Sunday night she had a small knitted purse, which was rather full of money. She never hinted that she would take her life. She had no gentleman acquaintance that she was aware of.

Mr. Money was recalled, and said that a young man named Butler and a man named Bellchambers used to correspond with his sister. Mr. Bellchambers, a jeweller, of Clapham Junction, stated that Miss Money called at her shop on Sunday night and purchased some chocolate, and said that she was going on to Victoria. She had no man waiting outside.

Dr. Crickett described the injuries and stated that the right wrist was bruised and the roof of the mouth was lacerated, and might have been done by a finger-nail or the ferrule of a stick. The injuries to the mouth gave him the idea that an attempt had been made to push something into the mouth.

The inquest was then adjourned till Monday.

SEEN WITH A MAN.

It was stated last night that the police were seeking a man who was seen to enter the train at Victoria with a young woman, who answers the description of Miss Money.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY AVERTED.

Timely Arrest of an Engineer on the Parade at Southend-on-Sea.

The story of how a double tragedy was averted at Southend-on-Sea was told at the Thames Court yesterday.

Walking arm-in-arm on the parade with a young woman, Henry Lofthouse was arrested on a charge of stealing a quantity of electrical fittings, valued at £50, from the Bow Palace of Varieties, where he was employed as engineer.

"In time," he said to the detective. "We meant to take chloroform and die together. I just passed the remark that people would see on the placards 'A Tragedy at Southend.'"

A bottle of chloroform was found in his possession and a letter of farewell to his wife, who, it appears, had to go to the workhouse with her four children because her husband did not support her. Yesterday Lofthouse was sent to prison for four months.

VALOUR AT A FIRE.

Brave Man's Desperate Attempt to Rescue a Woman Who Was Burned to Death.

A brave deed performed by Edward Roland, of League-street, St. Luke's, came to light at an inquest held yesterday on Mrs. Anna Powey, who was burned to death in a fire in Lizard-street. Roland was passing the house when he heard screams. Upstairs he rushed, to find the back room full of flames.

Crawling on the floor he managed to reach the bed, where the woman was. "You come here, missus," he exclaimed as he dragged her towards the door.

By this time his hair was singed and his hands burned. Just as he quitted the room he was overcome, stumbled, and fell downstairs insensible. The woman's charred body was afterwards found.

When the jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death, Roland was complimented on his bravery, and Dr. Wynn Westcott awarded him a sovereign from the poor-rate.

WITH FULL MILITARY HONOURS.

Amid touching scenes the funeral of Lieutenant-Colonel Gales, ex-Mayor of Lewes, who died under tragic circumstances, took place yesterday. He was one of the best-known men in Sussex, and thousands were present, including the mayor and corporation, magistrates, and a large number of Freemasons and Volunteers. Full military honours were accorded.

POOR WOMAN'S THANK-OFFERING.

Unable to afford fruit or vegetables, a poor woman has sent to St. John's (Blackpool) as her harvest thank-offering, a bottle filled with water and labelled, "Thank God for the rain."

MR. TREE MOVING.

Manager Explains His Sudden Closing of His Majesty's Theatre.

A COSTLY PRECAUTION.

Mr. Beerholm Tree, who had surprised his audience on the previous night by announcing that His Majesty's Theatre would be closed for some weeks, yesterday explained the situation to the *Daily Mirror*.

"It was at 2 p.m. yesterday afternoon," he said, "that I learnt from my engineer that there was a defect in the arch of the proscenium. I at once communicated with the London County Council, and I decided that I owed it to the public to close the theatre that night, though the London County Council were prepared to allow me a week."

"I immediately began looking for another theatre, and I learned that I had secured the Waldorf Theatre just as I walked on to the stage to make by speech after last night's performance."

"Of course, the moving of scenery in such a hurry is a great undertaking, and I fear that the whole thing will cost me thousands. Mr. A. Collins, the moment he heard of my misfortune, placed the staff of the Drury Lane Theatre at my disposal. "We started moving the scenery at four o'clock this morning, and thanks to the loyal efforts of my entire staff we shall be able to produce 'Oliver Twist' in its entirety to-night."

Cause of the Trouble.

Mr. Tree thinks the cracking of the arch is due either to the undermining for the Tube railway or to the recent additions to the theatre.

Mr. Dann, Mr. Tree's manager, said he feared that the alterations would take some six or seven weeks, and that, as another production was booked to appear at the Waldorf Theatre on October 12, negotiations were being made for another theatre for "Oliver Twist."

A well-known architect pointed out that a crack in the arch of the proscenium probably indicated a serious defect in the building. The bending of a girder was the most likely cause, and if this was not remedied it might eventually lead to the collapse of the building.

QUAINT BURMESE DELUSION.

The Prince of Wales Going to Rangoon To Try a Couple Who Have Eloped.

According to the quaint ideas of some of the Burmese, the Prince of Wales will have "all the trouble of coming to Rangoon for nothing."

The reason is this. They believe he is coming to Burma, says a correspondent, to settle what to them is a very big question.

Some time ago the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Rangoon eloped with a young Burmese lad, and said the headman of a village through which they passed, the merchant, who is a great friend of His Majesty, telegraphed to London.

As a result the King is to send his eldest son to Burma to try the case, but the old headman is anxious because the missing couple cannot be found.

"POLITE BLACKMAIL."

Solicitor's Criticism of Serious Charge Against a Merchant.

The police notified to the Bow-street magistrate yesterday that the Natal authorities desired to withdraw the warrant issued against William Weaver, produce merchant, of Durban, on a charge, under the Fugitive Offenders Act, of fraudulent insolvency in Natal.

On behalf of Mr. Weaver, Mr. Harry Wilson said he was a man of excellent repute in this country and in the Colonies. He had had a dispute with a man, who took proceedings in the Natal Courts, and the matter was referred to arbitration.

After he (Mr. Weaver) had come to England, judgment for £835 was obtained against him in some peculiar manner and a warrant was issued. What had taken place was nothing more or less than a system of collecting debts by polite blackmail. To save trouble Mr. Weaver had remitted £200 to Natal, which had been accepted, as against the £835, but had given notice of his desire to appeal.

Declining to express an opinion on the case, the magistrate discharged accused.

UNLUCKY 2,000 MILE MOTOR-CAR RUN.

Mr. Rowland Morwood, who started from the Palace Theatre at 2.30 on Monday afternoon, on an attempt to break the 2,000 miles motor-car non-stop record, came to grief yesterday afternoon at Haddington, where, four hours behind schedule time, he ran into a cart.

NEWEST RACECOURSE.

Newbury Excites Experts' Admiration on the Inaugural Day.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NEWBURY, Tuesday.—Millions of money are invested in racing pursuits in England, and the latest venture, Newbury, inaugurated this afternoon, involves a sum probably not less than a quarter of a million.

It has made a brilliant start, and the thousands of persons visiting the beautiful course were loud in its praises.

It seemed fitting that to Lord Carnarvon, a local magnate, and one of the chief supporters of the meeting, should fall the honour of winning the chief prize, the Inaugural Handicap of 1,600 sovs., with Missowja, a filly whose name, however, had hitherto been linked with ill-success.

No fewer than 15,000 persons paid for admission to-day. The number of club members is about 600, and from this source an income of some £4,000 a year is secured.

Newbury is beyond all question the prettiest club course in England. The mere track is one of the best, with its straight mile, slightly undulating, and the longer courses sweeping round with gentle curves, the whole circuit well within view of the spectators on the stands, and all the enclosed spaces.

It was interesting to hear the opinions of the moneyed experts and the travellers who were present. "Here," said an American acquainted with racing resorts in both hemispheres, "is the prettiest place I have ever seen."

A French visitor was good enough to say that "Newbury more nearly approaches the perfection of Longchamps or Chantilly in natural beauty and complete outfit, in every detail, than any other English course."

In one vital matter the enterprise beats anything known in France. The Great Western Railway, at very cheap rates, conveys passengers from Paddington to the course, a distance of fifty-three miles, in as many minutes.

DR. BARNARDO'S FUNERAL.

Impressive Ceremony To Mark the Great Philanthropist's Last Journey.

The funeral of Dr. Barnardo will take place at Barkingside, Ilford, at 3.30 this afternoon, and will be one of the most memorable public interments that has recently taken place in the country.

Soon after twelve the cortege will leave Edinburg Castle for Liverpool-street Station by a route that will take in the principal Barnardo homes and institutions in the East End. The funeral service will be held at the Barnardo Girls' Village Homes at Ilford.

At the time of the interment a muffled peal will be rung on the bells of Bow Church.

EXPRESS DERAILED.

Mail Train Thrown Off the Line by a Coal Truck at Ely.

Two trains—one a passenger express, the other consisting of coal trucks—were derailed by a curious mishap near Ely on the Great Eastern Railway early yesterday morning, and two Post Office sorting-clerks were badly bruised and shaken.

The passenger train was approaching Ely Station when one of the trucks on the goods train, coming in the opposite direction on the adjoining set of rails, became derailed.

The derailed truck struck the rear portion of the passenger train, and both trains were thrown off the lines.

The line was considerably damaged, and the mails were delayed for three hours.

COLLIERY RIOT.

Welsh Miners Who Have Been on Strike for a Year Wreck Five Houses.

A very serious riot has occurred among the miners of Llwynhendy, a village near Llanelly.

Colliers were imported into the village to take the place of men who have been on strike during the past twelve months, and as a result the strikers assembled and wrecked the houses of five men during the night.

Much excitement prevails in the district, and yesterday work was entirely suspended.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of a similar disturbance at the Tumble Pit, Llanelly, the police were obliged to obtain the assistance of a detachment of cavalrymen.

PAUPERISED BY RATES.

"The poor rates," said Dr. Wynn Westcott, the coroner, at Shorehitch yesterday, "are so heavy that many people who have to pay them are as poor as those who are in the workhouse."

CHARGE AGAINST MR. HUGH WATT.

Sir Reginald Beauchamp Called as
a Witness.

SHUTTLE'S ADMISSIONS.

The most interesting figure at Marlborough-street Police Court, yesterday, when Mr. Kennedy resumed his investigation of charges against Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P., of conspiring to murder his former wife, was Sir Reginald Beauchamp, the former husband of the defendant's present wife.

In answer to Mr. Sims, who appeared for the prosecution, the baronet stated that he resided at Langley Park, near Norwich.

Mr. Sims: You were husband of Lady Violet Beauchamp?—Yes.

From whom you obtained a decree of dissolution of marriage on account of her misconduct with the defendant Watt?—Yes.

When in London he (Sir Reginald) stayed at Hill-street, Berkeley-square. He was a member of the Carlton Club, where he generally lunched when in town. He usually returned home from the club between half-past six and half-past seven.

He kept a diary, and, under the date October 27, 1902, he found he went to Hill-street and remained there until the 31st. He was there also from November 14 to 19, and from December 4 to 9, when he went to a nursing home. In January he went abroad, and stayed some time in Algiers.

Mr. Muir: The divorce suit you brought was undefended.—No, certainly not.

Did the respondent go into the witness-box?—No.

Nor the co-respondent?—No.

"Lot of Law Costs."

That's what we call undefended.—Well (in a dubious tone, I didn't know. I know there should be a lot of law costs.

Did you suggest to Mr. Watt that he should settle £500 on Lady Violet?—My lawyer did, and the settlement was effected. Since that time I have had absolutely nothing to do with Mr. Watt.

The man Shuttle, who gave remarkable evidence at the previous hearing, was again called, and at once was questioned as to a conversation he had with Mr. Watt in Hyde Park, when that gentleman, he alleged, asked him to chloroform Mrs. Watt.

"He was going to give me £100 when the job was done," observed Shuttle, who said that on a later occasion he told Mr. Watt that Mrs. Watt had gone to Harrogate.

What did Mr. Watt say to that?—He said "You had better go there at once."

"To Murder Her."

For what purpose?—To murder her. Mr. Watt then said "I will go and get you some money. You wait here till I come back." He went away, and when he came back he gave me £6, telling me to go to Harrogate at once. He said "I shall be waiting between Stanhope Gate and Wellington House every night at six o'clock until you come back."

Shuttle said he then met another man named Harvey. They went and bought new overcoats, afterwards visiting the Tivoli.

He did not go to Harrogate, but next day had an interview with Mrs. Watt, who, all the time, was at 15, Chapel-street.

He and Harvey on the following day went to the office of Mrs. Watt's solicitors in Norfolk-street, made a statement, and were each rewarded with half a sovereign.

Shuttle added that he had served two months' imprisonment in Pentonville after that. Whilst there he wrote a letter to Mr. Watt asking for money, but did not receive an answer.

Detective in Waiting.

Detective-sergeant Cannon, stationed at Gerald-row Police Station, Pimlico, deposed to going to Mrs. Watt's house in January, 1904. While waiting in the dining-room he saw Shuttle arrive.

Shuttle was taken to a room on the first floor and he (the sergeant) afterwards went to the door of that room, from where he heard what Shuttle was saying to Mrs. Watt. Subsequently witness entered the room and spoke to Shuttle, who afterwards went with him to the Gerald-row Police Station, where a statement which he made was taken down by Inspector Hayter and signed by Shuttle.

By Mr. Muir: Shuttle visited Mrs. Watt at her request. He did not ask for money, and none was offered to him.

At this stage Mr. Sims notified that this concluded the case for the prosecution, and the case was adjourned until October 5, the same bail—£500—being allowed.

"BRUTAL VICTORY" OF TRAFALGAR.

The City Corporation yesterday declined to contribute to the Merton fund for the celebration of the Battle of Trafalgar, a Common Councilor stating that "we ought not to rake up these brutal victories after a hundred years."

LUNATICS AT WINDSOR.

Guardians Indignant That the Ratepayers
Should Have to Pay.

Windsor Guardians have a grievance.

Recently a man, named George Hayes, created a disturbance at Windsor Castle by stating that the King had sent for him to manage an emigration scheme in Canada.

After being ejected with much trouble, he was kept in the local workhouse as insane, but on a doctor certifying that he was not, the guardians sought at their meeting yesterday to recover the expenses incurred.

This was found impossible, because, as it was pointed out, the man had behaved as a lunatic and acted in such a manner that he had to be taken in charge.

"As so many lunatics visit Windsor Castle in the course of a year," said a guardian, "it is rather hard on the ratepayers to be saddled with the subsequent cost."

The guardians naturally are indignant, and they are to discuss ways and means whereby they can save the ratepayers expense from this reason in the future.

HUSBANDS EXCHANGED.

Solicitor Asserts That This Free-and-Easy
Practice Is "Somewhat Common."

"Changing husbands is a somewhat common practice in Sheffield among a certain class of people."

This surprising statement was made by Mr. Wilson, a Sheffield solicitor engaged in a case of which this strange practice formed a feature.

In this case Louisa Ryalls, a widow, and Florence Williams, married, were charged with assaulting Rose Metcalfe, another married woman.

When cross-examined Mrs. Metcalfe admitted that she had "changed husbands" with the defendant Ryalls's daughter, and something about this transaction had apparently annoyed Mrs. Ryalls.

But Mrs. Metcalfe said that the two husbands had exchanged wives and lived with them for some time. Since then Mr. Metcalfe had returned to her, and they were better friends than ever.

"RENEGADE IRISHMEN."

England Credited with "Diabolical Ingenuity"
in Enlisting Seamen and Soldiers.

A remarkable pamphlet entitled "Irishmen and the English Army" figured in the Belfast Police Court yesterday, when John Butler, an elderly man, was committed for trial for being concerned in the dissemination of a seditious libel contained in the publication named.

Among the paragraphs were the following:—

"The military garrison consists of an armed police force lodged in every village throughout the land, of a standing army of trained soldiers, and a navy all unfortunately manned by renegade Irishmen who have taken English money to betray their countrymen."

"England takes away the young and strong, and leaves the country weak and defenceless. With diabolical ingenuity she has weakened our country and filled the ranks of her fighting men at the same time."

DUPED STAGE ASPIRANTS.

Alleged Bogus Agent Obtains Many Fees
"for the Purchase of Contract Stamps."

Against Frederick Willett, remanded at Tower Bridge, yesterday, on a charge of stealing coins from automatic gas-meters, a further charge of a remarkable theatrical fraud is pending.

Under the name of "Walter Manby," the prisoner, according to the detective who arrested him, had posed as a theatrical agent, and induced a genuine agent to send him 100 young men and women seeking employment on the stage.

His story was that he required forty artists for the production of "The Curse of Drak" at a suburban theatre.

He received the applicants at his mother's house, and tested their voices. Then, it is said, he obtained £5, each from many of the applicants on the pretence that the money was required to purchase contract-stamps.

HUNTED MAN.

Dramatic Story of His Escape from
Roath Prison.

HANDY PIECE OF STEEL.

The mystery surrounding the escape from Roath Prison of the man Heathfield, for whom the police have been looking in vain for months, has been so far solved.

By the first post yesterday morning the Cardiff "Express" received the following letter from one of Heathfield's friends, giving the former's account of how he effected his escape:—

"Sir,—This is the true story of Heathfield's movements as he gave it to me with his own lips. I wrote it down just as he spoke."

"How did I get out of prison?" said Heathfield. "I was arrested on Saturday, August 12. I noticed a piece of steel on the ledge of one of the doors and took it."

"On Monday a policeman was in my cell, but I stood with my back to the door with my hand behind me, working this piece of steel in the lock."

The Escape.

"The policeman went out and slammed the door with the steel in it. The door then opened easily and I went out, passed seven cells, came to the big front door, which opened with a little coaxing with the steel, and climbed out of the yard by the fire-escape ladder, and dropped into Gold-street."

"I then made my way to Penylan Hill. (Heathfield here describes the story, already published, of meeting with boys and sending a message to put the police off the track.) I slept that night on a hayrick in a convent garden."

"All Wednesday was spent wandering about the woods, cold and hungry. At night I made my way to Newport, where I got a job. Daily I went to the library to read the latest news. One day I thought I was recognised. Thereupon I went to Bristol, then to London, where I was at the time the search was being made at the docks. I returned to Bristol; then I went to France for a sea-trip, and back to Bristol."

Recognised in the Streets.

"Last week I was terribly dejected, and on the verge of committing suicide over the Suspension Bridge."

"I should have done so, but I thought of my wife and children."

"Passing through Victoria-street, Bristol, I heard a man say 'There is Heathfield.' On Friday I returned to Cardiff, where the boys ran after me in Queen-street, shouting 'Heathfield! Heathfield!'"

Here the interview ends, with a resolution to give himself up. Heathfield declares his innocence of the charge of stealing lead from Stacey-road Schools. His sister and wife corroborate the story that he was in Cardiff from Friday to Sunday this week. "I did not see him," says the correspondent, "but I heard he looked very well."

MATINEE PROBLEM.

Should Women Be Required To Remove
Their Headgear?

Before long there may be no such thing as a matinee performance at theatres.

At one time it was thought that the matinee hat difficulty had been solved, but now comes the proposition that matinees are going out of fashion, and all through the matinee hat.

Finding argument and persuasion useless, men have resorted to the drastic expedient of boycotting the matinee altogether.

A theatrical manager told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that either one of two things must happen—either morning performances will have to be abolished, or else ladies will have to be prohibited from entering the theatre with their hats on. "Men are the best patrons of the drama," said the manager, "and if we lose them through the matinee hat, we shall lose the best part of our visitors."

"A man will go alone to the play, you see, but not so a woman."

"It is a most remarkable thing," said a well-known milliner to the *Daily Mirror*, "that, although small and flat hats have been the rage for the past twelve months, yet every woman has a large hat in her wardrobe specially for the theatre."

GENERAL BOOTH, FREEMAN

City of London's Striking Tribute to
Salvation Army Leader.

General Booth is to be signally honoured by the City of London.

At a Court of Common Council yesterday it was agreed to confer the freedom of the City on the head of the Salvation Army, "in recognition of his earnest and conscientious exertions for the moral and social advancement of the subjects of Great Britain and other races and peoples throughout the world."

Mr. Ellis, the Chief Commissioner, pointed out that there were good precedents for such a course—the cases of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir George Williams. The Corporation would be wanting in its duty if it did not commend the work of General Booth.

A sum of 100gs. was voted for the purpose of conferring the freedom on General Booth, and it was decided to spend £5 on the purchase of a suitable box and to hand over the balance to the funds of the Salvation Army.

It is understood that General Booth himself desired that the bulk of the money voted should be given to the Salvation Army funds rather than spent on an elaborate casket.

"That would be characteristic of the General," said Colonel Ross to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "It is wonderful to think that he should receive the highest honour possible from the very City which used to jeer at and ill-treat us. Few have lived to see the rewards of their efforts in so striking a way."

LAST ROSES OF SUMMER.

Magnificent Specimens on Exhibition at the
Horticultural Hall.

Coming from the dull, chilly atmosphere in rain-splashed streets into the Horticultural Hall in Vincent-square yesterday was like walking straight into the midst of a July day.

It was the first day of the National Rose Society's autumn show, and surely the queen of flowers has never been more welcome or more appreciated.

Rose-culture is a fine art nowadays, for all the favourites in their luscious colourings were blooming as fragrantly as in summer. They were all grown in the open; however, and their peridot shape and shades were perhaps more accentuated, untouched as they were by hot sun.

An Irish firm, Messrs. Alex. Dickson, of Newtownards, won a gold medal for a new seedling rose, "Irish Elegance," a delicate single blossom in shades of salmon-pink; while another gold medal was awarded for the "Countess of Gosford" to Messrs. McGredy, of Portadown, Ireland.

"WOMAN, THE TEMPTRESS."

Gallant Stipendiary Takes Up the Cudgels
for the Gentler Sex.

"Are men tempted by women?" was the problem raised the other day in the Bradford City Police Court, under curious circumstances revealing a sad little romance.

"It is the old story, true since Adam," remarked Mr. A. Neill, who was defending a young clerk who had embezzled the funds of his firm and, infatuated with a married woman, had eloped with her.

Stipendiary: I don't admit men are always tempted by women.

Mr. Neill: That your opinion is exceptional, I believe.—Stipendiary: I have a very high regard for the sex.

Proceeding, Mr. Neill said prisoner had borne an exemplary character before he met this woman, who was older than himself. When arrested he was with her in a house in London.—He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

MORE NEW MOTOR-CABS FOR LONDON.

Several motor-cabs of a new type have been placed on the streets of London, and if they prove a success the Central Motor-Cab Agency, to whom they belong, are to have 200 more plying for hire before the beginning of next year.

BOY TO CONDUCT BAND OF 5,000.

Max Dareski, the nine-year-old conductor, composer, and pianist, has been specially engaged to conduct a massed band of 5,000 performers at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.

PROTEST WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

"Mr. Plowden understands my case, sir," observed Michael McKinnery, charged at Marylebone with neglecting to perform his task at the Paddington Workhouse, "but I cast no reflection on your worshipship."

Mr. Paul Taylor: I will remind you to appear before Mr. Plowden if you prefer it.—McKinnery: No, I am satisfied with your worshipship's judgment. Sentence of twenty-one days.

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"MILK AND WATER" MEN.

Is the Man of To-day a Namby-Pamby Creature?

HIS QUALITIES DISCUSSED.

Numerous letters have been addressed to us on the subject of the striking article in yesterday's *Daily Mirror* on "milk-and-water" men. From this mass of correspondence we select the following:—

THE LIFE OF EASE.

I entirely agree with the writer of the article on "milk-and-water" men that the only care of the majority of modern young men is to see how they can obtain the maximum of comfort at the minimum of inconvenience. The clerk who marries with the idea of having a tame "slave" will deprive his wife and children of comforts in order that he may travel second instead of third class to the City. The young labourer desires twice as many luxuries as his father did. Conscription would give such men the very training that they so greatly need.

Spalding.

PHYLIS.

MEN MORE CHIVALROUS.

Does "A Woman" seriously think that the young man of to-day is so physically and morally degenerate that a course of compulsory military service is his only chance of salvation? She accuses him of hopeless effeminacy, of "sickly faddism and self-indulgence." But, as a matter of fact, never have men been more truly "masculine" than at the present. They have a more chivalrous regard for women, they have a finer code of personal honour, and they are quite as ready to encounter hardships, as shown by the Volunteers in South Africa, as their ancestors. Women have no real appreciation of the battle of modern business life, or they would never suggest that the man who has to earn his livelihood—and what a very small proportion has not—lacks backbone and grit.

Richmond.

J. W. P.

HOW WOULD HOME LIFE FARE?

What is the good of a husband, I should like to ask "A Woman," writing to-day on "milk-and-water-men," if he is always thirsting for out-of-door pursuits, military and naval training, and continual roughing it, which the writer seems to think are the only pursuits suitable for men?

If all men were like this, what would become of home-life and social life? If everyone were to think as "A Woman," people would never get married at all, for what woman could live with a man who eliminated all luxury from his life.

Is it because men are already so fond of out-of-door sports and hardening games, that women have had to take to them, too; and men's absence from home and society is the reason of women's clubs, the modern girl, and such like horrors?

September 26.

A. B. C.

EFFEMINACY DENIED.

The fact that man wears a "flowered dressing-gown" does not prove that he is "self-indulgent" nor yet that he is "milk-and-water."

If one looks back to "Good Queen Bess's glorious days" we shall find, I think, that men were far more effeminate in their dress and self-indulgent in the matter of scents, jewels, and such-like kick-shaws. Yet one would hardly call these vikings "milk-and-water."

Had lifts (soft-cushioned ones, too, if you prefer it) been invented in the days of those whom your correspondent may consider the hardest warriors, there can be no doubt that they would have availed themselves of them.

The thin-chested men of whom your correspondent complains, and whom she watches with dismay at the railway stations, are not the men who have much opportunity of testing the luxuries of "cushioned lifts" and "flowered dressing-gowns." They are thin from worry, from want of food, fresh air, and the like.

Food, fresh air, freedom from anxiety—these, and these alone, will restore "Sons of Anak" to the world.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

BAD NEWS FOR CYCLISTS.

All Tyres To Be Dearer Owing to Growing Scarcity of Good Rubber.

There will be no fall in the price of cycle or motor-car tyres next season, in spite of the hopeful anticipations of riders and drivers.

When the Dunlop patents expired, last November, the manufacturers of other makes of tyres reduced their prices from 25 to 30 per cent., one reason being that they would no longer have to pay royalties to the Dunlop Company.

"The price of tyres will now go up again," said one of the largest manufacturers to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"The increase will be by about 5 or 10 per cent. Rubber has gone up in price, and it is impossible to produce a good tyre at the present price."

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Yarmouth Corporation's annual accounts issued yesterday show that during the year the town derived a revenue of £2,975 from the beach, of which sum £350 was received for the sale of sand and shingle.

Three ministers were yesterday sent to prison at Leighton Buzzard for refusing to pay the Education rate.

Great Eastern Railway engineers, in the short space of three hours, substituted a new bridge weighing fifty tons, in Station-road, Wood Green, and relaid the lines.

Amongst the novelties to be seen at the British Sea Anglers' Exhibition, opened in the society's club-room, Fetter-lane, yesterday, is a rod with which a skate weighing 180lb. was landed at Ballycotton (Co. Cork).

Discountenancing dances and theatricals as a means of raising money for Church purposes, the Rev. J. Lane, vicar of Up Ottery (Devon), has expressed his determination in future to refuse all sums collected in this way.

Legal advice was sought at Highgate yesterday by a "cook-general," who said that she and another servant employed at a house at Crouch Hill had been instantly dismissed for having cucumber for supper. She was told to sue for her wages.

In his report issued yesterday on the recent smallpox epidemic in the city, the Nottingham medical officer says all the worst cases were given the open-air treatment, and a very large proportion have this to thank for their recovery.

Fines inflicted on motorists at Andover this year to date amount to £1,000.

Sir John Brunner's jubilee gift to Northwich, the Brunner Free Library, is subsiding, and as the building is deemed past repair it will have to come down.

Admirers of the late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh celebrated in Northampton yesterday the anniversary of the distinguished social reformer's birth, seventy-two years ago, by decorating his statue with a magnificent floral wreath.

In recognition of Natal's contribution of £35,000 per annum to the Imperial Navy, it has been decided to christen after the Colony a first-class cruiser, to be launched on Saturday at Barrow-in-Furness. The Duchess of Devonshire will perform the ceremony.

Wesleys of the Spalding (Lincolnshire) circuit have passed a resolution protesting against the Sunday excursions from Spalding to Skegness, and this is to be forwarded to the directors of the Great Northern Railway Company, requesting that no bookings from Spalding be granted next summer.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



The Duchess of Marlborough, who, before her marriage, was Miss Vanderbilt, underwent an operation in the throat for catarrhal trouble in New York yesterday.—(Lafayette.)

On a new Rolls-Royce car which he was testing the Hon. Charles Rolls motored from town by daylight to Lord Llangatock's Monmouthshire country seat in time for breakfast.

There is a serious shortage of water in North-West Durham, and manufacturers were yesterday warned that it may be necessary to cut off the supply in the Consett district from to-morrow.

While engaged in repairing the high roof of the Wheat Sheaf Hotel, Wigton (Cumberland), yesterday, John Allen, builder's labourer, succumbed to heart disease, and his body had to be lowered to the ground.

Two distinct crops of fruit have been borne this year by a Victoria plum-tree in the postmaster's garden at Billingborough (Lincolnshire). The second lot of plums are larger than walnuts, and are now nearly ripe.

Lord Breadalbane's land scheme, whereby he intends to hand over to small crofts the estate at Glenlochry, near Killin (Perthshire), has met with great success, more applications for crofts having been received than can be dealt with.

Out of 127 persons now in receipt of outdoor relief in the Hayfield (Derbyshire) Union, one has reached his ninety-fifth year, nine are between eighty and ninety, fifty-five are between seventy and eighty, and thirty are between sixty and seventy.

Miss Luard, the only lady member, has been elected "chairman" of the Witham Education Committee.

Soon after the steamship *Tamise* left Dieppe for Newhaven yesterday a passenger, believed to be an Englishman, either jumped or fell overboard. The steamer was stopped, but his body was not recovered.

After a fire had been subdued in a shed on the farm of Mr. Swales, at Burnt Yates, near Harrogate, the dead body of an unknown man was found in the ashes, and up till yesterday he had not been identified.

To the officers of H.M.S. *Mercury* the City Corporation yesterday decided to present a piece of plate, in recognition of the courtesy and hospitality shown to members of the Corporation on the occasion of the review of the French fleet.

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., claimed a successive vote for his house in Queen's-gardens at the Paddington Registration Court yesterday, but the Revising Barrister struck the name out because Sir Edward had not entered into occupation.

Wedge fast in the coal-grid of a beerhouse he had attempted to break into at Openshaw (Lancs.) a burglar was unable to move when found by the landlord, and the police had to release him. Yesterday he was sent to gaol for two months.

CLOTHES FOR MEN.

Wide-Skirted, Tight-Waisted Overcoats and Large Checks.

SHORT APPEAR TALL.

"Men's fashions alter by evolution, women's by revolution," said the editor of the "Tailor and Cutter" to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"One has to look back for a period extending over at least ten years to see the changes in men's dress, but every month or two marks a complete revolution in women's dress."

To-day, the "Tailor and Cutter's" twelfth annual exhibition and competition opens in Gerrard-street. Here the anxious seeker after fashion will be able to see what he or she ought to wear during the autumn and winter months.

From every town in the United Kingdom tailors are coming to London to see and take back with them the latest fashions.

Naturally overcoats are an important feature of the exhibition. The decrees have gone forth that men are to wear somewhat large checks, the coats being tight fitting to the waist and springing away into wide skirts.

Ladies' coats are also to be tight-fitting to the waist, and with long, full skirts.

Green and brown will still be the prevailing tints for autumn suits, vertical stripes being popular with short men to enhance the impression of height.

MEN HATE TO "GUT A FIGURE."

Everybody will be relieved to hear that the blue frockcoat does not find favour; the soberer black is to reign supreme.

Gentlemen will not adopt any outré fashion," said the editor of the "Tailor and Cutter." Evening dress for men is to remain unchanged in spite of the efforts that have been made to revive knee-breeches. Well-turned calves are too rare for those picturesque garments to become universal.

It is extremely improbable, too, that men will adopt the fashion of wearing diamond brooches in their dress ties. One gentleman, however, was so adorned at the Palace Theatre a night or two ago.

It will be gratifying news to country readers that to be well-dressed in future it will not be essential to have one's clothes made by a London tailor.

Since the inauguration of these exhibitions there has been a marked improvement in the work of provincial tailors. This is doubtless partly due to the fact that a fine silver challenge vase is awarded to the maker of the best frock, dress, or morning coat.

UNHAPPY "KAFFIR" MARKET.

Stock Exchange Has Many Shares Which the Public Refuse To Buy.

CAPITAL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—The Kaffir market does not seem in a happy plight again. Here we are in the new account, with the market certainly rather flat. There is only one story to account for it, and that is the old one. There is no public taking the shares off the books of the dealers.

The dealers have taken the shares from the finance houses, and now they have nobody to whom to sell them. So the market looks gloomy, and talks about the Chinese giving trouble, and about loans being called in presently about trouble in Paris, and, in fact, any excuse is good enough except the correct one. There are merely one or two exceptions. Bankets were hoisted to £11-16, just as though Mr. Garthwaite had issued a good report.

Other mining sections were perhaps firm for choice where they moved at all. The Trusts in Copper Company issued its report by Mr. Alexander Hill. All he can say for this most farcical of concerns is that it is still little more than a mining prospect. He recommends further development to prove it one way or the other.

Consols are steady, rather with a look of dullness about them. This is because of dear money and Bank-rate talk. The bankers made the Stock Exchange pay 3 per cent. more for their fortnightly loans this time for the same reason. Newfoundland's 3½ per cent. loan is announced.

There was quite a good traffic for the South-Eastern and Chatham to-day, and not a bad one for the Great Eastern, but the latter was offset by the accident, though South-Eastern and Chatham stocks were helped by their traffic. The speculative account does not seem to have increased in Home Rails, which is a good thing.

Americans dull, flat, and unprofitable. Perhaps above the worst, but stiff carry-over rates being exacted, it seems to indicate that a good deal of American speculation is being arranged on this side.

Copper shares are kept rather on the move because the metal keeps good, and the Japanese scrip is firm at 5½ premium owing to the coming quotation in Paris. On the whole, though, Paris was inclined to sell Foreigners.

Hudson's Bays were a good market, the rise being apparently manipulated, for speculators were charged very stiff carry-over rates.

"DAILY MAIL."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Remittances should be crossed "County and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1903.

A RAILWAY PERIL.

THE accident, suicide, murder, or whatever it was, on the railway line near Merstham calls attention again to the fact that the safest way to travel is not to shut oneself up in a perambulating cell, perhaps having for company a murderer or a highwayman.

The English corridor train is the very best system of train, and it must be generally adopted before long. The prison-cell system of carriage must eventually become as obsolete as the horse-drawn omnibus.

In America the general plan is to have large carriages holding about fifty persons, who are separated in no way at all. This suits the American temperament, which is happiest in a crowd, with plenty of noise and chatter. It would not suit the English. We have evolved, with the American car as a basis, the corridor train.

But, having evolved it, we hamper its growth. We have not enough corridor trains. We should have nothing else.

The necessity for the alarm cords, which often fail to work, shows more than anything else the danger of the prison-cell. The inscription above the cords might well read: "When the passenger opposite to you rushes at you, waving a knife, pull the cord."

These alarm cords are not necessary in corridor trains, as the means of escape from hoodlums or robbers is at hand.

There are far too many railway mysteries in England. In America one is killed effectively enough by the railway company, which runs its trains into rivers or into other trains with a Napoleonic disregard of consequences. In this country the person of homicidal appetite can always find food for knife or gun by picking out the right railway carriage and taking care that he and his victim have it to themselves.

A. K.

AN EXPRESSIVE LANGUAGE.

We wish to thank Mr. George R. Sims in connection with his little play produced at a music-hall. The thanks are offered because he calls his work a "review" instead of a "revue."

English is an expressive language—much more expressive than French, and better in every way—to people who know it. But, when a man has only a small knowledge of English he thinks French is better.

The jargon of the theatrical writer includes a lot of foreign words calculated to fill the intelligent man with much pain. For instance, when a person who affects theatres has reached a particularly offensive degree of mental bluntness and physical long-hairedness he uses the word "premiere" instead of first night. It is an affectation that fatigues all but the morbid.

The Sims play, if it were called a "revue," would give some of these theatrical writers who do not know enough English to express themselves with the opportunity of perpetrating the fiendish combination "premiere of the revue," and life is sufficiently hard already without that sort of thing.

So Mr. Sims may consider himself publicly thanked for thwarting the theatrical writers, who, no doubt, are tearing their long hair in impotent wrath.

A. K.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.—*Plato*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE King will probably enjoy a good deal of shooting during the quiet days he is to spend at Balmoral. His Majesty's arrival in the late Queen's favourite home was a very picturesque affair with its torchlight procession of Highlanders serving as an escort to light him to the Castle. The King cannot be expected to care so much for Balmoral as the late Queen did—on her place always exercised an almost mysterious fascination, and the patriotic Highlanders used to feel proud of the pleasure which the life there never failed to give the Queen.

In that refreshingly natural and typically feminine journal which Queen Victoria wrote may be found whole pages dedicated to the praise of the "dear Paradise" of Balmoral. The first reason why the place delighted the Queen so was, it need hardly be said, the imprint of the Prince Consort's hand in the decoration of house and grounds. "All has become my dear Albert's own creation," wrote the Queen, "and his great taste has been stamped everywhere." Delightful confidence in "dear Albert's" taste! Naïve faith in his judgment! To those who look at it more judicially, Balmoral, alas! appears an odd rather than a beautiful place, and to the very severe, indeed, it is nothing less than an architectural nightmare.

seemed sufficiently dreary to him at the time, but, as matters turned out, it was lucky for him that he did not linger over a "liberal education."

For when he was only twenty his father died and left this youth with the control of the entire business in his hands. After some years of hard work at this, he left his brothers in charge of the cutlery and invested his capital in a steel business. He was successful enough in this to be able to retire in 1885, a rich man, and to devote the rest of his days to art and philanthropy. Sir Frederick is a wonderfully strong and cheerful old man. He was born in 1821, and is, I believe, the oldest member, as far as years are concerned, in the House of Commons to-day.

Clever fathers are generally supposed to bring stupid sons into the world, and the two Pitts are nearly always cited as a very rare instance of the contrary case. Another example of a son carrying on the father's work with equal ability is provided by Franz Kossuth, who is the spokesman of the revolutionary movement in Hungary at present. M. Kossuth's father, Louis Kossuth, was famous in England about the middle of the last century. He came here on a kind of mission, his aim being to rouse the sympathy of all "free"

and superscription of The Ship. These pleasant anagrams without method" had become, even to those (and their name is legion) who never read "Longman's," a kind of institution of which they were dimly aware, as people who never pass the Monument or the Albert Memorial are yet aware that they exist. Like Mr. Sims with his "Mustard and Cress" in the "Referee"; or like the late Mr. Austin, whose place on the "Illustrated London News" has been mine, I see, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Lang had succeeded in making this "Sign of the Ship" as familiar to the literary world as its eggs and bacon in the morning.

Mr. Lang is a man with an infinite capacity for taking pains. He writes light causeries for some half a dozen papers, and has made himself a specialist on Scotch history, folklore, primitive customs, and other such subjects to which some men give their lives. Besides all this, he has time to give himself to the more or less contemplative pursuit of crystal-gazing, and it may be remembered that he once wrote an article in a grave review on the mystic uses of the crystal, and described how he had seen the mirage of a house, which he afterwards came to visit, within the magic ball.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

LIFE INSURANCE, ENGLISH STYLE.

My relations and myself have been insured in Industrial Insurance Companies for years, and have always found them straightforward in their dealings.

The people who are to blame are not the agents or the company, but the insurers themselves.

An insurance company before accepting a proposer asks certain questions, which are plain enough. If the proposer does not answer these truthfully, he is obtaining insurance by misrepresentation, and deserves to lose his premiums. These would-be insurers are not fools, and they know perfectly well that if they told the truth they would not be accepted by the company. Why, then, should they expect their premiums back when they are found out.

P. C. M.

Have.

Allow me to support the views expressed by "Surgeon" with regard to insurance, "English Style." I do not think his strictures at all too strong.

But as to the agent acting for the insuring party I must differ. The agent acts for the company always, but the company often throw him over when a claim matures and refuse to pay. I have known a case where the insuring party pursued the case to the bitter end, got judgment, and the company has mulcted the agent in the amount and given him instant dismissal.

I met with a similar case quite recently, where the wife insured her husband about four months ago. The agent saw him a fortnight previous to completing the transaction, going about, and apparently healthy. However, he died two weeks ago, and the wife, who had paid regularly each week, sent in her claim, but was met with a non possumus, though the company consented to return all premiums paid.

SCRUTATOR.

THE CRUELTY OF STEEL TRAPS.

Will you kindly allow me brief space in your columns to say that I have devised a plan, which succeeds perfectly, for preventing the terrible sufferings of trapped rabbits, viz., by fastening securely a few turns of wire (copper wire is best) round each jaw of an ordinary trap, below the teeth and just where the spring flies up, taking care to leave the teeth a full quarter of an inch open when sprung.

By this simple means rabbits are caught with equal certainty, but their flesh is never lacerated, nor leg-bone shattered or broken.

I will gladly answer any questions addressed to me on the matter, and a steel trap thus modified can be seen at the offices of the National Canine Defence League, 27, Regent-street, S.W.

Narford, Swaffham, Norfolk. M. FOUNTAINE.

THE POVERTY OF THE CLERGY.

I happened to be seated behind an exceptionally stout, robust, well-clad clergyman at a well-known London exhibition last week, and could not help noticing the greedy way in which he consumed two fat cigars within the space of half an hour.

I think "A Layman" meant to convey to you readers that this fortunate class of roving gentlemen ought to accept a lower salary and so give his struggling brothers a better chance.

Lambeth.

STRUGGLER.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 26.—Why does a wet garden often look more beautiful than a dry one? The chief reason is that the dark colour of moist soil shows up the flowers so charmingly. In gardens where the soil is light and limy, dry weather gives the beds a very unpleasant appearance.

And the rain, as every early spring, to-day brings a more perfect green over everything, especially over rock-roses, rock-foils, violets, dionysias.

Young and fearless robins now follow digging operations with great interest, devouring many a hapless worm with avidity. Grub-seeking starlings are also seen, parading the lawns.

E. F. T.

"MILK AND WATER MEN."



Writing in the "Daily Mirror," a woman complains that man is becoming nambypamby, and that woman in self-defence is forced to develop masculinity. She seems to think that many men are reverting to the original monkey type, without, however, retaining the manliness of the monkey. These portraits show the suggested evolution of a monkey to a man and then back again.

It is a strange building—this place of agglomerated towers, turrets, battlements, and wandering curves. But its faults are, after all, forgotten when one remembers what associations cling about it. It was here that the Empress Frederick became engaged to the late German Emperor, and Queen Victoria, with her love of recalling such red-letter days, of course marked the place where the Princess had received a sprig of white heather from the Prince. It was here, too, that the Queen heard the news of the death of the Prince Imperial. She went, it will be remembered, from Balmoral to Farnborough to offer her sympathy to the Empress Eugenie in this last and most bitter of her afflictions.

Great interest has been taken in Sheffield in the celebrations for the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding of Sir Frederick Mappin, M.P., and Lady Mappin. Sir Frederick has certainly had the most interesting career of any of the natives of the "City of Knives and Forks," and is also one of its greatest benefactors. His father had a business there—a cutlery business, of course—and as a little boy of thirteen Sir Frederick made his start in commercial life at the desk in the family counting-house. To begin monotonous work so early as that must have

Englishmen in favour of the Hungarian cause. He addressed meetings, was entertained at banquets, and cheered in the streets of London. But London contented itself with cheers and provided very little of a more substantial kind of aid.

But still Louis Kossuth became a hero in the eyes of English Republicans, and when he died Mr. Swinburne, that staunchest member of the band, addressed a fiery sonnet to his memory. The son, too, came over to England, and, indeed, received most of his education here. Then, after a stay in France, he settled in Italy—where the example of emancipation from Austrian tyranny must have been a continual inspiration to him—and took up work there as a civil engineer. When his famous father died ten years ago M. Kossuth went back to Hungary and became, almost at once, the leader of the Independence Party in Parliament. He married an Englishwoman, by the way, but she died a few years ago.

One of the features of poor, vanished "Longman's Magazine," which its few but constant readers will miss more than any other, is certainly Mr. Andrew Lang's articles written under the sign

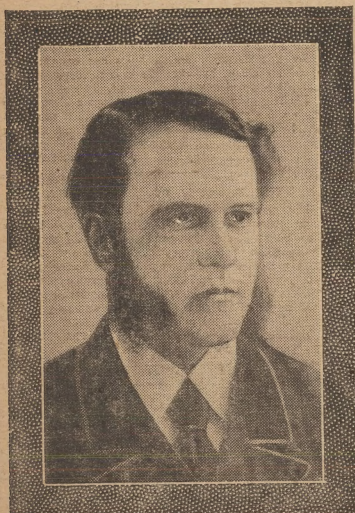
NEWS SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA.

REMOVING "OLIVER TWIST" FROM HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE YESTERDAY.



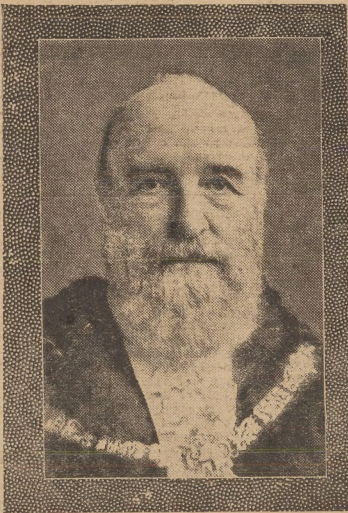
Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been exiled from his own theatre, His Majesty's, in the Haymarket, in consequence of a crack appearing in the arch of the proscenium. Yesterday all the scenery and properties connected with his new play, "Oliver Twist," were removed to the Waldorf Theatre, where the piece will be played until October 12, while the necessary repairs are taking place. The photographs show—(1) stage furniture and properties being removed from His Majesty's; (2, 3, and 4) getting the scenery into the Waldorf; and (5) polishing doors and cleaning up in preparation for Mr. Tree's theatrical habitation.

DR. BARNARDO AT 40.



The funeral of Dr. Barnardo, who is seen in the photograph at the age of forty, takes place at Ilford this afternoon.

PROBABLE LORD MAYOR.



Alderman Vaughan Morgan, who, it is expected will be elected next Friday to be London's Lord Mayor for the coming year.

SINGER'S DEATH.



Mme. Celestine Galli Marie, the famous French singer, who has just died at Cannes, at the age of sixty-five. Her greatest creation was that of "Carmen" in the famous opera.

Miss Lilian S. Gladstone, great-niece of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, who will marry to-day—

AMERICAN'S RE



This remarkable collection of knives, weighing one-pound, was eaten by the diner was taken



World
Pic

KING EMMANUEL



A characteristic snapshot of the King he

TO-DAY



ews
RED



RT CONGRESS.



of Italy taken at the art congress,

DING.



Geoffrey L. Fletcher, son of Mr. Fletcher, at Allerton Church, near Liverpool.

EAKING MEAL.



numbering forty articles, and in New York. After the meal in Hospital at Brooklyn.

THE DAY'S NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

MURDER AND PILLAGE AT BAKU.



Although order has been partially restored at Baku, trouble is by no means over, and murders and incendiarism are still taking place in the surrounding districts. The remarkable photographs, which were taken after the outbreak, show—(1) The ruins of a prosperous factory. (2) A burning oilfield.

VICTIM OF TUNNEL TRAGEDY.



Miss Mary Money, aged twenty-two, whose mutilated body was found in a railway tunnel near Merstham. The body was identified by the laundry mark, 245, found upon the clothes. From a motor-veil, with which she was gagged, it was thought that murder had been committed.

ARCHDEACON DEAD.



Dr. G. Hans Hamilton, Archdeacon of Northumberland, Canon of Durham, and a well-known author, who has just died at Durham.

LADY VIOLET AND MR. HUGH WATT.



Lady Violet Watt and her husband, Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. for Glasgow. Mr. Watt surrendered to his bail again yesterday at Marlborough-street Police Court to answer the charge of inciting to murder his former wife.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A "strange co-incidence," to use a phrase.
By which such things are settled nowadays.
—Byron.

With remorseful horror Sabra thrust the thought from her, the abominable thought, that had almost translated itself into a wish that the woman who had married the man she loved and had renounced might be numbered no longer among the living.

"Oh, no," she cried in her soul. "I am not as bad as that! I am not as bad as that!"

She searched the papers again and again, read and re-read the reports, so full of conjecture, so bare of facts. But they added no iota to the knowledge gleaned from the first hasty perusal. Fay Swindover, on her wedding-night, had disappeared, vanished from the castle. She had disappeared as completely as though she had been a wraith, dissolved into mist. For nearly two months the most skilful detectives in the world had been trying to trace her, and a gigantic reward had brought to light no trace of her whereabouts from any quarter of the globe.

Sabra experienced a strange sense of elation. She could not help it. She knew that it was unreasonable; perhaps it was also wrong; but it was human. An impulse of gratitude went from her soul to this girl, who was not established as mistress at Belliol, who had not, even for a day, shared the life of the man she had married, who had come to the castle like a stranger, and partaken of its hospitality, and passed out into the night.

With this news a hush fell for the first time on Sabra's fevered spirit. The sense of overwhelming loss remained, clear, sharp, nicking anguish of personal jealousy was removed.

Dick was eternally lost to her, but he was alone. Perhaps his thoughts already had flown back to her, the woman he had loved, and, conquering his contempt for her treachery, passed over the bridge of glorious memory to meet that great wave of longing that went out from her, beating ceaselessly on the shore of his heart. Perhaps, in time, alone in his greatness and splendour, he would forgive her, would think kindly of her. Perhaps one day, in the dim future—oh, thought of unspeakable, of blinding sweetness!—he would tell her so.

She pulled herself up with a start of terror and shame.

Why did she dare to think such thoughts? What was he to her? What could he ever be? Why was she assuming that he would always be alone? She had heard of such strange happenings before. His wife would come back; she was bound to come back.

Well, but he was alone now. That was enough. For the present, let that be enough.

She rose and stepped out on to the balcony. The sunset glow had long faded; but the last greenish tinge of twilight lingered in the West. The bay was like a sea of oil; a row of cypresses on a distant ridge cut the sky like lanes dipped in ink.

Sabra leaned her elbows on the stone, and her eyes drank in the beauty of the transformation scene of day and night, and, for the first time, with beauty she drank in a measure of peace, which meant respite from the fret and fever of unavailing longing and regret.

A voice sounded in her ears, very still and faint and bitterly cold, and yet touched with a vast, impersonal kindness, as though it might be Nature herself, in her terrible and all-seeing wisdom, offering what good of comfort she might to one of her children blindly groping in the dark.

"Have done with all this," the voice said. "Be brave and do things, instead of letting them be done to you. Do you not see what you have done, you foolish child?—You have sinned against love, which is one of the eternal laws of life, and you are being punished. You must bear your punishment, and, if it grows not lighter, at least you will grow used to it."

A sudden rush of searing tears blotted out the scene of peaceful loveliness on which the girl was gazing. They streamed down her face unchecked. She cried like a child, with her face in her hands, and she who sheds tears may be comforted.

There was not very much comfort in the words of the voice that she drank in. But it was something to understand. And she was beginning to do that. She had sinned against love. She saw that now. And she was being punished for it. She had done wrong, no matter what her motives had been. She had done violence to the love that had been given her to glorify her own life, and she had, by her action, forced on another life dross, instead of gold. And she must suffer. Love is a torment, and suffers no rival, and she had not only given him a rival, but pulled him from his throne.

But to feel that one is being punished is better than to feel that one is the innocent victim of a fenshish whim of Fate.

"It is true," said the girl to herself. There was a new feeling in her heart; it was a very sad feeling, but it was no longer a torment, and it was touched with a dull resignation, which is the toll paid by proud natures to merited suffering, while to unmerited they turn a fiercely-rebellious face.

She wiped her eyes, and slowly turned to go back into her rooms and dress for dinner. But, just inside the window, she paused and looked out again, and, hanging like a lamp in the darkening heavens, she saw the evening star.

At that precise moment a low, whirling sound and a blinding blaze of light rushed down the pleasant street which lies at the back of the hotel, and, with

a suddenness which to the beggars and other idlers who were hanging about seemed nothing short of miraculous, the noise ceased, and the light came to a standstill outside the entrance in the charming little square.

It proved to be a gigantic motor-car, white as the driven snow, with fittings that shone like gold, and monstrously-padded leather cushions of crimson to invite luxurious repose.

In a second manager and clerk were bowing in the doorway and porters buzzed about the spacious *Roi des Belges* carriage, the door of which an excessively smart chauffeur had opened, and from which he had jumped to the ground. Another man followed, the typical person who is a gentleman's gentleman, and could be mistaken for nothing else.

The man in the driving seat, who rose and descended leisurely and with the slow swagger of the English motorist, who, especially in foreign lands, always appears to own the earth, was tall and largely built; one could see that, even through his enormous, fur-lined coat; but his face presented the usual motor mystery, which, however alluring it may be in a woman, in a man is only curious.

He did not trouble to lift his goggles or the flaps of his cap, or to follow the bowing and smiling manager into the lighted hall of the hotel; but called over his shoulder to his chauffeur:—

"Don't let those chaps take my luggage out of the car. I don't know whether I am going to stay here."

"I can assure you, sir," interpolated the manager in excellent English, "that you will find at our hotel every comfort and attention."

The man came close to him and dropped his singularly unprepossessing voice to a very low tone.

"Look here," he said, "just tell me this. Have you got a young English lady staying here called Vallance? Miss Vallance?"

The manager looked somewhat disconcerted. A motor-car, a man as good as missed, and an inquiry like this must be looked upon by a hotel official who knows his business with suspicion.

"Don't stand and stare at me as if you were a boiled owl?" growled his interlocutor. "Answer my question. The young lady is a great friend of mine—so is her family. I promised them to look her up, only I'm not quite sure of her hotel. I'm not going to stay here if she's somewhere else. Miss Vallance, must I be the lady staying here or not?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the manager, who found the explanation satisfactory, if the manner of it was somewhat unconventional. "Pardon my delay in answering your question," he added, beaming on the promising-looking guest, "but at first I did not quite catch the name of the lady you seek. Certainly Miss Vallance stays here. The lady has a most charming suite, and I am sure you will find, sir, that we have done all we can to make her comfortable."

"That's all right, then. Now show me some rooms—the best you've got. By the way, got a garage?"

"Yes, sir. It is quite close—but two minutes." "Oh, well, my car will take the car and me." And thus the English motorist showed himself no true motorist, for such is the subtle distinction that, if he had been, and arrived at the hotel dead beat, that he obviously was not, he would still have driven the car to his quarters before he sought his own.

There was a magnificent suite on the first floor, said the manager, with a splendid view over the Bay, and a private bathroom.

The motorist inspected it, grumbled hugely, and said finally that, if there were nothing better, he supposed it must do.

"Will you dine in your own sitting-room, sir," asked the manager, "or at table d'hôte?"

"Which does Miss Vallance do?" asked the motorist.

"Oh, the English lady, Miss Vallance, takes all her meals in her own room."

"So will I," said the motorist. "And I hope you've got a decent wine list, because I'm simply parched."

"I will send the head waiter to you at once, sir, with the carte and the wine list. And may I have the honour of sending to inform Miss Vallance that you have arrived?"

"Oh, tell her—well, no, it doesn't matter." If a man can be seen to grin through goggles and cap and turned-up collar, the motorist certainly betrayed such mirthful humour. "I'll give her a pleasant little surprise, you know. She doesn't know I'm coming."

The manager retired. The valet, Robins by name, came to arrange things, and was roundly sworn at.

Then there was a knock at the door of the sitting-room, which had more red plush, more gilding, and more painting than Sabra's, and a liveried concierge entered with a bow and a proffered sheet of paper.

"If Monsieur would inscribe his name?" "Oh, rot!" cried the motorist in his harsh, grating voice.

The concierge understood the expression, if not the exclamation.

"It is the custom, Monsieur. For Monsieur's letters—"

"Oh, hang it all, give me the rotten paper! Got a pencil? What a thing!"

He drew from some deep recess beneath his motor-car a fountain pen in a case of massive gold.

(Continued on page 13.)

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Liver Troubles.

When you are Bilious and Dizzy, have pains between the Shoulders, Appetite is variable, Sick-Headaches depress you, Sleep is disturbed, the Tongue coated white, and more particularly when feeling Fretful, Irritable, and generally Despondent, your Liver is out of order.

As a remedy for this distressing condition, there is nothing so safe, so pleasant, so remarkably effective, as

Guy's Tonic.

Thousands of people have said so from experience. A trial will convince you of the fact. A few doses of Guy's Tonic will set right what is wrong, the Liver will perform its functions naturally, and the entire Digestive System will recover efficiency. Don't delay—get a bottle of Guy's Tonic now.

"An Excellent Remedy."

James H. Donald, Esq., of 5, Janefield-avenue, Springburn, Glasgow, writes:—

"For several years I have suffered from severe Bilious Attacks, and after trying various Remedies without effect decided to give Guy's Tonic a trial, with the result that the attacks are now far less frequent. I consider Guy's Tonic an excellent Remedy in every way, and have recommended it to several friends who have suffered similarly to myself."

People who occasionally or habitually suffer from the effects of a disordered Liver should always keep a bottle of Guy's Tonic in the home. If taken on the first appearance of unpleasant symptoms, such as Biliousness and Sick-Headache, a few doses will save much pain and suffering. In cases of chronic Liver Trouble, Guy's Tonic will do more to restore the Organ to a normal condition than any other medicine.

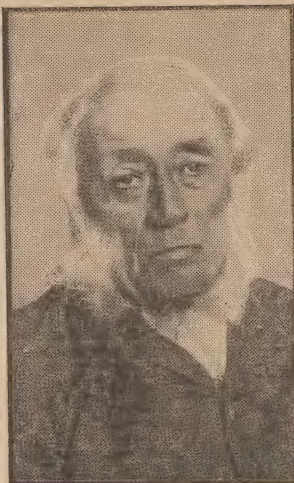
A Six-ounce Bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1d., is on sale at all Chemists and Stores. Give it a trial to-day.

WHERE THE MERSTHAM TRAGEDY HAPPENED.



Four hundred yards up this tunnel the dead body of Miss Mary Money, the victim of the mysterious railway tragedy, was found by an inspector of the line.

LONDON'S OLDEST VOTER.



Mr. John Macpherson, aged 105, a voter, of North Kensington.

YOUR NERVES

Facts, Suggestions, and Advice for Those Who Are Run Down and Who Feel Unequal to the Demands of Their Daily Duties.

Are your nerves right? Have you plenty of energy, go, and vigour? Or are you suffering from lack of nerve force and vitality? Do you find that you shrink from responsibility, or that you are wanting in pluck in difficult or trying situations? If so, your work and even your recreation is putting a heavy strain on you and robbing life of its brightness and pleasure. But it will not stop here. The strain on your nerves will at last become intolerable, and nervous breakdown is simply a matter of time.

HOW THE NERVES BECOME DISORDERED

Every moment in the day the body is being worn away, and at the same time it is being constantly renewed, and it is even said that the tissues, bones, muscles, and organs are completely renewed once in every seven years. Physical exertion wears the muscles away, and worry, anxiety, study, and the strain of business life wear away brain and nerve tissue. Obviously, both muscular and nerve tissue needs to be restored by rest and food as fast as it is worn away, and if you are thoroughly healthy and not overworked this goes on automatically. In many cases, however, the exertion, either of body or brain, is too intense or too prolonged, and the result is that the wearing-away process goes on faster than that of replacement. Physical or mental breakdown consequently ensues. This is the simple explanation of the way in which the nervous or muscular system gets out of order, and it is our object here to explain the method by which the nervous system may be renewed and nervous collapse prevented.

HOW YOU FEEL

You feel wearied, worn out, depressed, languid, irritable, and every effort you have to make is a weary and a nuisance. Probably you cannot even sleep properly at night, and when you rise in the morning you feel just as tired as you did the night before, and you would give anything to feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous again. There is really only one way you can do this, and that is by rebuilding your worn-away nerve tissue.

Stimulants will not help you, but make you worse. Nervous breakdown more certain, and general tonics will not help you because they do not replace the lost nerve tissue. Renew that and rebuild your nervous system, but failing this no real good will be done and no thorough cure effected.

THE REMEDY FOR YOU

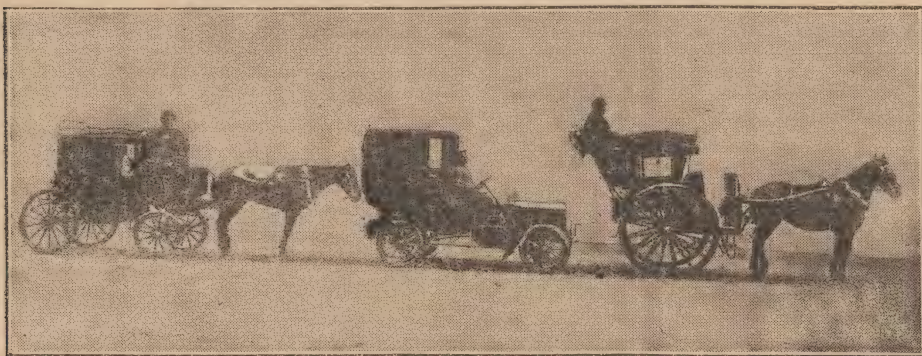
Bishop's Tonules do all that is necessary, and supply nerve nourishment to the nervous system. That is why they cure and why those who have used them praise them so enthusiastically. Not only do they rebuild the nervous system, but they put new vigour into every organ and function of the body, and nourishment for the nerves is easily assimilated from the ordinary food taken. Miss M. Hall writes:—"I send you this note to let you know how much I esteem Bishop's Tonules. I do not as a rule go in for advertised medicines, but knowing that your preparations are prescribed by physicians of the very highest calibre I tried Bishop's Tonules for neurasthenia of a very pronounced character."

COMMENCE THE TREATMENT TO-DAY

There is an old proverb that "Procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of many other things besides time. Procrastination robs men and women of money, comfort, and health, and there are few matters in regard to which delay is so dangerous as in questions of health. "To-morrow" will do," says thousands on a sick-bed every year, and many complaints which fasten themselves on sufferers for life might have been avoided by a few days' or weeks' treatment when they first showed themselves. If your nerves are out of order, do not wait till to-morrow. Get your supply of Bishop's Tonules now, and commence the treatment at once. Another day's delay means a day's more discomfort and a day longer for the nerve-wearing process to continue.

Send for a vial, which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d. post free within the United Kingdom, or larger size for 2s. 10d., by Alfred Bishop, Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 9d.; together with booklet on "Nervous Disorders." Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

MOTOR-CABS IN THE STREETS OF LONDON YESTERDAY.



One of the new Ford motor-cabs, which made their appearance on London streets yesterday. These cabs are very comfortable, speedy, and practically noiseless, and very shortly, if the present experiment is successful, a large number will be put on.

SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning Current Events.

Advice by "One Who Knows."

Sultan of Morocco: I say, what am I to do? They're going to hold that conference on me, after all?

Sultan of Turkey: Splendid, my boy! Why, look at me. I simply live on conferences.—"Punch."

Linking Up a Great Industrial Centre.

Lille, which has sometimes been called the Manchester of France, is to be connected with the neighbouring large towns of Roubaix and Tourcoing by a boulevard fifteen miles in length, along which will be laid a special track for motor-cars and bicycles. The combined population of this great industrial centre now exceeds four hundred thousand.

A Glowing Description.

An amusing anecdote is contained in the report of the Auctioneers' Institute dealing with the recent meetings held at Ipswich by the members. An old couple who had got tired of their house, decided to sell it. But when they read the glowing descriptions and saw the photographs of the house issued by the auctioneer whom they had instructed, they were so astonished that they decided not to sell.

Wedding Contretemps.

One of the most extraordinary claims ever heard in a court of law has just been decided in America. A customer who had been commissioned by a prospective bridegroom to supply dresses for the latter's betrothed not later than the day before the wedding, failed to have the order ready. The lady was so annoyed at the non-arrival of the dresses that she broke off the engagement. The chagrined bridegroom then sought to recover from the costumer damages on account of the expense he had

been put to in preparing for the wedding which never came off. But the Court, not unnaturally, decided against him.

The Desert Cure.

Advocates of the simple life will be gratified to learn of the success of the desert cure in the case of Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the Lyric tenor. Mr. Wallace was the popular favourite of New York drawing-rooms, but two years ago, while on a visit to The Hague, he lost his voice. Doctors pronounced his case as hopeless. He could never recover health or voice. But Mr. Wallace did not despair. He adopted the simple life treatment and went to sojourn in the desert—the Arizona desert, to be exact. Now he has returned with health and voice restored, and the Arizona desert is to become the "cure" resort of America.

Dread of Interviewers.

Dread of the American newspaper reporter is said to be the reason why Lord Rosebery is so unwilling to accept an invitation to visit the United States. That prominent people do find the methods of the American newspaper representative embarrassing is certainly true, and at times the "victim" retaliates. Recently a lady reporter on a New York newspaper sought an interview with a society leader who had proved unusually inaccessible. By passing herself off as a lady's maid she succeeded in reaching the door of the lady's

boudoir, and, inserting her foot in the door to prevent its being closed, she began her interview. But, the lady within, exasperated beyond endurance, violently banged the door to, crushing the interviewer's foot. The lady reporter had to be taken home in a cab, and for a fortnight could only hobble about on crutches.

"Reigning" Mayors.

Some subtle wit has evolved a toast which is said to be enjoying much popularity in Manchester and Salford. It proposes "The Lord Mayor, Elect of Manchester and the Mayor-Elect of Salford," and adds, "May they have a long reign," with particular emphasis on the last word. The "clue" is provided by the word "reign," one of the future chief magistracies being a manufacturer of umbrellas and the other of waterproofs.

Berkshire's "Newmarket."

It is not surprising that some enormous fields were seen out yesterday on the inaugural day of the Newbury race meeting, for the course is situated in the very heart of a great colony of training stables. In Berkshire itself and the neighbouring counties of Wiltshire and Hampshire, there are more than fifty of these establishments, all within easy distance of the new course. It is possible that one day Newbury may become only second in importance to Newmarket, the Turf "metropolis."

New Recreation for Girls.

Pleanty of village churches have fine peals of bells but lack male ringers, and the "Young Woman" makes the suggestion that in supplying this want the athletic girl could provide herself with a new recreation. "From the point of exercise," says the writer, "it is one of the best things for developing the muscles of the body. In these days when so much is written about the deterioration of the race, the art of bell-ringing surely deserves encouragement. In addition the ringing of the bells gives a great deal of pleasure to other people." As an instance of what girls can do in this direction, it is stated that three of the Misses White, of Basingstoke, who have the reputation of being the most expert female ringers in the kingdom, once helped their father to ring a peal of "grandfire triples," consisting of 5,040 changes, in two hours and forty-five minutes.

6

pages — The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

Other Daily Bargains on page 16